

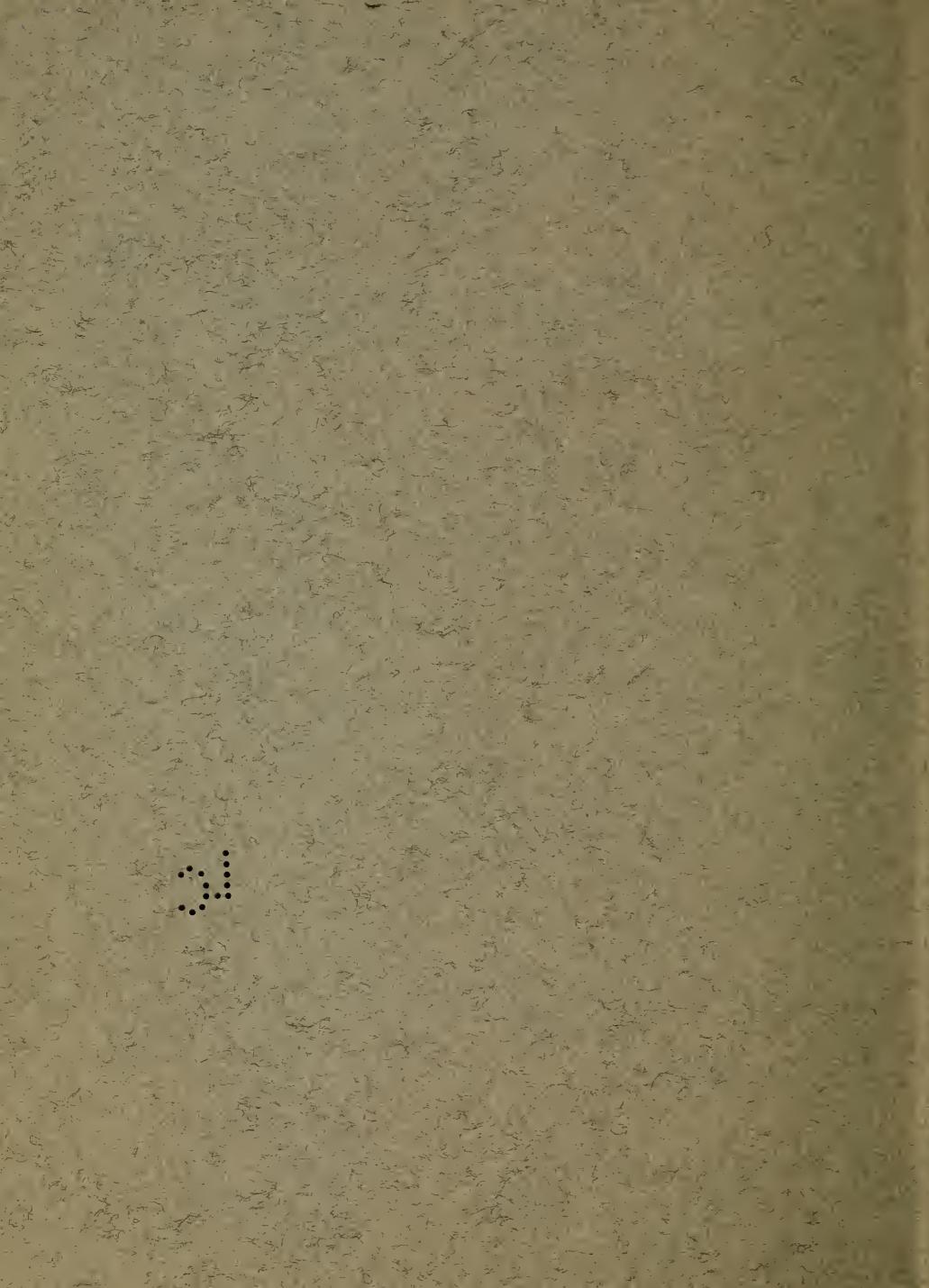
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VILLAGE BELLES *and* WEDDING BELLS A MOCK MARRIAGE.



By G. R. PETTIGREW.
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VILLAGE BELLES
and
WEDDING BELLS
A MOCK MARRIAGE.



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JUN 24 1914

No 1

Village Belles And Wedding Bells. 1

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

(The number of attendants may be reduced at will.)

Bride.....Miss Carrie May Catchem
Groom.....Mr. Thomas Avery Eazimark
Bride's Stepfather and Mother—Mr. and Mrs.
Meriwether Matchmaker.

Groom's Parents—Mr. and Mrs. Constantine
Cupid Eazimark.

Best Man.....Mr. Leander Limberlegs
Maid of Honor — Miss Sophronia Snubnose
Dame of Honor—Mrs. Lucretia Nimbletung
Flower Girls—Rachel Ragtime, Dolly Dimple
Ushers—Messrs. Zachariah Swallowtail and
Turner Summerset.

Organist.....Miss Flossie Fingerflinger
Singer.....Miss Ima Nightingale
Officiating Clergyman—Holdfast Hardshell,
C. O. D.

ATTENDANTS.

Miss Susannah Speckletoes, with Mr. Solomon Sluefoot.

Miss Rhoda Rattlebrain, with Mr. Jonathan
Muttonhead.

Miss Cordelia Carbuncle, with Mr. Hezekiah

Heartsease.

Miss Selina Slabsides, with Mr. Simon Slimshanks.

Miss Tabitha Tattletale, with Mr. Timothy Tightwad.

Miss Deborah Dubblechin, with Mr. Nathan Crabtree.

Miss Lydia Lockjaw, with Mr. Hyram Hardtack.

Miss Luella Ladybug, with Mr. Amos Skeeter.

Miss Dorinda Dowdie, with Mr. Shadrach Shamble.

Miss Samantha Sourcrout, with Mr. Abe Cornstalk.

Miss Jerusha Mai Jawback, with Mr. Ezra Squedunk.

Miss Castoria Curlpapers, with Mr. Gabe Corkscrew.

A young Lawyer, a Magistrate, a Jeweler.

(It is suggested that all of the parts be taken by men and boys as dresses are easily procured from wives and sisters at no expense. If there be a local paper, publish the entire cast with the real names accompanying in pa-

renthesis. The subjoined invitation adapted to local conditions may be published in paper or on handbills and so circulated.)

Mr. and Mrs. Meriwether Matchmaker
request the honor of your presents at the marriage

of their daughter

Carrie May Catchem

to

Mr. Thomas Avery Eazimark

on Wednesday evening, June the fifth, at eight

o'clock, at the Auditorium, Washington,

District of Columbia.

CEREMONY.

(Enter Ima Nightingale, preceded by Flossie Fingerflinger who plays as former sings. Wedding march follows as bridal party files in.)

Clergyman (addressing audience with much dignity and solemnity):

We are gathered together upon this suspicious and fateful occasion, beloved brethren, to seal and solemnize the consummation of a life purpose. When in the course of human events a woman discovers a mere man and highly resolves to form a perfect union for

the common defence, if he would hearken to the voice of experience let him make terms at once and call in a cut-rate splicer for the thing is as good as settled. His solitary pilgrimage is ended. This is especially true if the lady be a resolute female, such as our sister here (indicating bride). I have known her from my boyhood when she taught me in the primary school. Even then she displayed the persevering persistency and pertinacious pertinacity that have made her life notable in this community. I recall that she was playfully nicknamed "Melancholy" because when she discovered an unattached male she "marked him for her own." Her motto seemed to be:

*Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any mate,
Still persuading, still pursuing,
Learn to make 'em take the bait!*

And though she entered no profession she has followed many *pursuits*. Carrie early mastered the scriptural truth that it is not well for man to live alone and she has devoted her life to the strenuous furtherance of this

great principle; and it must be admitted that the men she has met speedily decided that it was not well or even safe to live alone, but they invariably and unanimously calculated that it might still be well for our good sister to live alone. But hope sprang eternal in Carrie's palpitating bosom. She has sailed Life's solemn main in search of a forlorn and shipwrecked bachelor whom she might pilot into the Port of Matrimony, and many a bachelor has reached the coveted haven under her pilotage, but they always sailed in with another mate. Baffled by man and buffeted by fate, she has still pressed forward in the unequal conflict though the struggle never amounted to an *engagement* until she encountered our young brother here (indicating bridegroom) whom she now brings as a trophy of her triumph—the captive of her bow and spear, smokeless powder, and other weapons of her warfare too numerous to mention. And now we are to unite these two hearts which have throbbed in unison ever since Miss Fingerflinger flung off the stirring strains of the wedding march.

I cannot conclude this last sad rite without a word of solemn warning to the young and the simple. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," so have courage my boy to say "No."

And now, if there is any one here or elsewhere who has any objection to offer to this marriage, let him speak or forever after hold his tongue.

Meriwether Matchmaker rises to his feet.)

Clergyman: Well, sir?

Meriwether Matchmaker: I have no objection.

Clergyman: We are not concerned with the objections you haven't got, but with those which you have got.

(Young lawyer rises.)

Clergyman (addressing him: Who are you?

Young lawyer: I am (gives name of local attorney, if any; if none, uses that suggested here) Blackstone Hairsplitter, attorney at law, practicing in both State and Federal Courts.

Clergyman: Also magistrates' courts and

tennis courts, I presume?

Young Lawyer: You do presume, sir, in attempting to have this prisoner incriminate himself without the benefit of counsel (indicating groom and pausing slightly). It's against the constitution.

Clergyman: It may be against his constitution, but he will have daily counsel from now on.

Young Lawyer: I'll make an appeal.

Clergyman: So will our brother here (indicating groom) daily and Sunday also, but you'll both be overruled.

(Jeweler rises as lawyer sits down.)

Clergyman: Who are you and what is your objection?

Jeweler: I am Handy Skinner (or name of local jeweler) and I object to this marriage because it will ruin my business. Carrie has been my best asset for thirty years past and I simply can't afford the loss.

Clergyman: It can hardly be maintained that this marriage is in restraint of trade, as trade and liberty are different things, so your objection is not well taken.

(Magistrate takes the floor as jeweler yields it.)

Clergyman: Well, you seem to be next, sir, whoever you are.

Magistrate: I am Jay Fuller Law (or name of local justice or magistrate), magistrate (or trial justice) under the statutes of the commonwealth of (names appropriate state).

Clergyman: And what is your objection?

Magistrate: I object because I'm not performing the obsequies myself.

Clergyman (addressing the groom): Thomas, did you procure a license?

Groom (nervously): *She* did (indicating bride).

Clergyman: Then everything is regular.

Magistrate: If you proceed with the performance I'll rule you for contempt of court!

Clergyman: But court is not now in session, sir.

Magistrate: I'll have you to know, sir, that *this* court is *always* an object of contempt! (Sits down, frowning fiercely).

Clergyman: These objections all being

null and void, and clearly illegal, the ceremony will proceed. (Then addresses groom solemnly and deliberately):

Do you now take this winning maid to be your lawful wife,

To honor and obey her and never stir up strife?

Will you respect her every whim and never cross her wishes,

Scrub the floors, do the chores and bathe the dinner dishes?

Will you?

Groom: I will.

Clergyman:

Will you supply her every need and give her all the money,

Call her your dearest Dovey-dove, likewise your 'Ittle Honey?

Will you support her Ma and Pa according to their stations,—

Aunt Samantha, Uncle Jake and all the poor relations?

Will you?

Groom: I will.

Clergyman:

Will you reciprocate in kind her warm and tender passion,—

Renew each year her teeth and hair according to the fashion?

Buy her a motor car to match her stockings and her dresses,

And vow to her each day you live that she your heart possesses?

Thomas, wilt thou?

Groom: I — *wilt!* (totters and bride supports him until he recovers).

Clergyman (addressing bride after confusion is over):

Do you accept this shrinking boy as your one chance at marriage,

To pour his tea with queenly grace and love his motor carriage?

Do you now plight your solemn pledge to nurture and endear him

To your maternal heart of hearts and patiently to rear him?

Do you?

Bride: I do.

Clergyman:

Will you instruct him how to cook and use

*the kettle-scraper,
While you play Rook for Huyler's or a box
of writing paper?*

*Will you be kind and true and never force the
boy to wheedle,*

*But when his socks need darning will you
help him thread the needle?*

Will you?

Bride: I will.

Clergyman:

*Will you allow him to retain a work box for
his stitches,*

*Whenever he is called upon perchance to
patch his breeches?*

*Will you allow him fifty cents each month for
his expenses,*

*And when he calls for more will you recall
him to his senses?*

Carrie, will you?

Bride: Of course I will. We agreed on all
that before we came here!

Clergyman (addressing audience): It ap-
pears that this brother and sister desire to try
double harness. What is your will, brethren?

Meriwether Matchmaker: I move that

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WEDDING BELLS

they be united in the fetters and shackles of matrimony.

Best Man: I second the motion.

Clergyman: All in favor of this promotion will signify it by saying "I."

Bridal party and relatives (in chorus) "I."

Clergyman: All opposed will say "No."

Lawyer, Jeweler and Magistrate: "No."

Clergyman (with meaning emphasis): The affirmative unanimously prevails and it is so ordered. Thomas (to groom), have you entirely recovered your strength?

Groom: I think I have, sir.

Clergyman: Then salute your bride!

(Groom salutes bride with resounding smack.)

Clergyman (to audience: Ah! I see he is as strong as ever; (then to couple): I now pronounce you Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Avery Eazimark. That which has been so solemnly ratified, let no man seek to annul.

(Bridal party files out to the strains of wedding march.)

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